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THE
INFORMERS OUTWITTED:
A
TRAGI-COMICAL FARCE.

As it has been Rehears'd at the
New-Exchange in Rag-Fair.

Written Originally in *Hebrew*, and Translated by
SOLOMON BUNG-YOUR-EYE, Gent.



L O N D O N:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row.*
1738.
[Price One Shilling.]

18 T

THE HISTORY OF THE
TUDOR MONARCHS

BY JAMES LINDON

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
TUDOR CHURCH

AND AN APPENDIX OF
TUDOR HISTORY

BY JAMES LINDON
1790



THE HISTORY OF THE
TUDOR MONARCHS

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
TUDOR CHURCH

BY JAMES LINDON



DEDICATION

TO THE

Distillers, Druggists, Apothecaries,
Chymists, Keepers of Publick
Houses, and Chandlers Shops.

GENTLEMEN,

DEDICATIONS have been frequently wrote with private Views, to serve the Authors of them, by setting forth the laudable Virtues of their Patron, and mentioning some great Feats done by them, or their Ancestors, which were intirely unknown to the World before. But this I declare is not

Dedication.

not my View, and therefore I shall say no more of you, Gentlemen, than every one knows to be Facts.

'Tis well known, that a great Part of the Consumption of our Trade and Manufactories is owing to your Care and Industry: And as some of you have your Thoughts fix'd on Study, some on Trade, some on Attendance, and some on Concerns of various Kinds; this hath been the Cause that many of you have been unwarily drawn in by the Lures and Stratagems of *Informers*, when the Danger was the least suspected by you. Some of their Schemes I have pointed out, to shew the World

Dedication.

World that the Artifices of these Gentlemen do not proceed from any Virtue of Temper, which they would have you to believe, but they are prompted to them purely for the Sake of the Reward given, which tempts them to lay down Schemes and Projects to pursue their intended Purposes: Some of which shew plainly, that they will run the Danger and Hazard of their Lives, rather than fail in their Attempts. I am sorry to say that the most notorious Characters herein mentioned, have been frequently acted, tho' perhaps unknown to many of you; therefore they are pointed out as a Beacon, to

Dedication.

to warn those Gentlemen who have not struck upon this Sand, from coming too near, lest they be shipwrecked ; to prevent which, is the true Intention of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obedient

Servant.



T H E



THE
AUTHOR'S SPEECH
TO THE
AUDIENCE,

On the first Night that this Piece
was rehears'd at the New Exchange
in RAG-FAIR.

*Enter Author in a Gold Cloth of Tiffue, late
a Birth-Day Suit of—*

Kind and considerate Friends,

*A S my Piece is but a second-hand one, there-
fore I thought this the most proper Place
to put it up to Sale : And, as I am one who is
not blessed with the Gift of Poetry, I hope you
will accept my Prologue in Prose ; tho' it is with
Concern that I mention my not having one from
either of the Theatres. I have been told, that it
is a common Method to beg both a Prologue and
Epilogue, after the Play is received into the
House : But as this Farce hath no Party Re-
flections, I knew not what Poet to apply to ; tho'
I am promised the Use of one on my Benefit
Night, which was writ by the most ingenious Mr.
C. C.*

The Author's Speech.

C. C. Your meeting in so quiet and peaceable a Manner, hath given me great Marks of your Understanding; and I am in hopes that if my Piece hath Merit, it will meet with your Applause, and not be cat-call'd, and damn'd before-hand, as 'tis said several new Plays have been of late, at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. I was inclinable to offer this Piece at one of those Theatres; but I considered that it must go thro' many Hands before I could receive an Answer; First, the Manager of a Theatre, next, the Inspectors, and the L — d C——n: And to do all this would perhaps take up several Years; by which Time, my best Characters might be forgot. But hold! this Piece was wrote since the late Aet, and is not licensed; therefore, as it is Run Goods, we are obliged to smuggle it; so I'll go shut the Door, and keep out all Informers.

[Exit.



D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Scammony, a Druggist.

Dew, a Distiller.

Calomel, an Apothecary.

Worthy, a Justice of the Peace.

Shouldertapper, a Compter Officer.

Gage, an Exciseman.

Cafe, a Country Alehouse-keeper.

Gameright,

Trueblue,

Provender,

Masters of Publick Houses.

Lurcher,

Duffer,

Grimace,

Scufflebunter,

Fudge,

Halfpace,

Informers.

W O M E N.

Frappery, an Old Clothes Woman.

Killquartern, a Market-Woman.

Bung-your-Eye, a Wheelbarrow-Woman, and Mother to the Translator.

1

2

3

4

Informers.

Constables, Officers, Drawers, Servants, Mob, &c.

S C E N E in *London*.

E R R A T U M.

Page 12. Read Enter *Duffer*, instead of *Fudge*.



THE
INFORMERS OUTWITTED.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Room where INFORMERS meet.

Enter FUDGE. *To him GRIMACE on the other Side.*

FUDGE.



H, dear Mr. Grimace, I am glad to see you're alive; several Messengers have been dispatch'd towards St. Giles's to your Assistance.

Grim. Oh, Mr. Fudge, no less than a Regiment of the Guards could 'a secured me.

Fud. How came you by this Garb?

Grim. By Way of Disguise; this Gown secured me, and saved my Life.

Fud. A Disguise is as necessary to an Informer, as a short Cloak to a dissenting Preacher; they only appear in them when in Business.

Grim. This same Gin Act hath been profitable to us; but I think the Premium rather too scanty, Mr. Fudge.

B

Fud.

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Fud. Ay, ay, well said, I like that Word Premium.

Grim. Considering the Danger that we are expos'd too, 'tis too scanty ; but I intend to petition next Week to the Board, for Smart-Money, for the last Engagement I was in.

Fud. Arra Faith, and I'll petition for an annual Pension, in case I should lose a Limb, or have my Brains beat out.

Grim. Right ; we are ever in Perils.

Fud. But come, pray let me know how you escaped ? We had a terrible Account of your Skirmish at the Office.

Grim. Why, really, Mr. Fudge, if I had not been as nimble as a Rope-dancer, I should have undergone a worse Discipline than you did last Week among the *Hackney-Coachmen*.

Fud. Impossible ! Had not I had the Strength of *Dray-Horse*, I'd not been alive now, after Buffeting, Horse-ponding ;—nay, they were going to bury me alive in a Dunghill, if I had not happened to move a little.

Grim. All this, and worse, would have been my Case. One would imagine that we carried the Scent of a *Fox*, or a *Polecat*, or were mark'd in the Eyes like the *Jews* ; every Body knows us, go where we will.

Fud. 'Tis very right ; for let me appear in what Garb I will, if like a Quaker, a Sailor, a Countryman, nay, in a Gown and Caffock, I have been pointed out. The Whisper is still the same :— There goes an Informer.

Grim. I know it well ; for I had no sooner enter'd the Parish of St. Giles's, but every Eye was upon me ; and when I came to the House in the Coal-yard, and ask'd for a *Bung your Eye*, as directed ; — Yes, Sir, and welcome, pray walk in, said the bunting Slut of a Landlady ; I'll just go and wash

The INFORMERS OUTWITTED. 3

wash the Glass clean for you. But the Moment she put her Head out of Doors, she cry'd out with a most hideous Tone, Informers!—Informers!

Fud. Why did you not scour away?

Grim. Ah dear! I was prevented; for in one Minute out came near half a hundred of the most ill-favoured Rogues that ever pester'd a Glass-House Stoke-hole.

Fud. Oh, terrible! methinks I see them now. I have reason to remember such Looks ever since I was a Bailiff's-Follower, when the old Mint was up; Spirits, they called them; and evil Spirits they were.—But go on.

Grim. So, Sir, they appeared Rank and File before the Door. But observe, I had shut myself in, and had begun to fortify and barricade.

Fud. Could you mark none of their Faces?

Grim. Ay, with Chalk; for they were black as Negroes, and such tattered Rogues, they were not worth Remarking.

Fud. So much the better, then there is the Reward for hanging them upon the Riot-Act. But were there no Lookers-on? no Men of Substance passing by, that you could swear into the Riot? You might have got something by that.

Grim. Not one, indeed; I wish there had; he should have paid for all, perhaps.

Fud. But how did you escape out of these Rogues Hands?

Grim. Heaven be prais'd, I ne'er was in their Hands.

Fud. Come, I'm impatient to know.—

Grim. Well, Sir, these Gentry were divided in their Sentiments: Some were for breaking thro' the Windows to come at me; others for setting Fire to the House; some for laying a Train of Gunpowder, and blowing me up like a Rat in a Box.

Fud. Oh, shocking! what ensued?

Grim.

Grim. Ah! Sir, this is not half the Discipline that I was to go thro'. The Mob by this Time was doubled, and in a few Minutes the fresh Clan cry'd out, Dip him in the Bog-House, and strew him with Feathers: At length, up came a savage Rascal, like old *Beelzebub*, with three little Imps after him; Said he, Pray Gentlemen, let me have the Pleasure of shaking him in this Bag; which was half full of Soot: A general Concordance follow'd, and loud *Huzza's*. Agreed! Agreed!—

Fud. Sir, I can hear no more; I am resolv'd that all that Neighbourhood shall suffer for this Insult: Nay, there shall not be a Publick House, or a Chandler's Shop in the whole Parish, but I and my Company will lodge an Information against them.---Come, I have vented a little---go on.

Grim. I hearing this cruel Fate resolved on, ran up Stairs like a pursued Rat, and at the Top of the House there was a Trap-door.---

Fud. Ay, see how Honesty is preserved!

Grim. Out I got in a most terrible Fright, and climb'd like a Cat o'er twenty House-Tops in the utmost Danger, ---

Fud. Still preserved. [*Afde.*]

Grim. And follow'd with the harmonious Cry of Stop Thief, Stop Thief, and several Musquet Balls discharged from the House-Tops, till I was got quite out of Sight.

Fud. Amazing! But how did you escape at last?

Grim. By a mere Miracle, I assure you: For after I had run over the Tops of a hundred Houses, I came at last to a Door which was open. In I ventured, and going down the Stairs I was met by the Master of the House.---

Fud. More Adventures than *Robinson Crusoe*: Well, ga on.

Grim.

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Grim. He enquired of me what was my Business there, and who I was.

Fud. A bad Question to answer, I'm afraid.

[*Aside.*]

Grim. Ah, dear Sir, said I, only a poor Neighbour in Distress, and pursued by the Bailiffs.

Fud. A lucky Thought. Well, go on,

Grim. If so, you shall take Sanctuary in my House; for, (says he) this will be my own Case by and by, if we meet with no Redress. He conducted me into a Room, gave me a Cordial Dram to recover my Spirits, and bid me keep close till his Return, and he would see if any of those Vermin the Bailiffs were about his House.

Fud. Kinder still! —

Grim. Ay! but by the Time he had got down Stairs, the Mob was at his Door, to give Notice that the Informers were about, and that one of them had escaped o'er the Tops of the Houses.

Fud. Ay, what then? Sober Gentlemen don't love to encourage Dram-drinking, for many a good Family has been ruined by it.

Grim. But he proved to be a Distiller, and had paid the 100*l.* Penalty but last Week.

Fud. O dear! O dear! if he used you ill, you must swear that he sold you the Dram.—Well, Sir, go on.

Grim. He promised the Mob to deliver me to them; and up he comes to me, told me I was a Rogue, and his House should be a Skreen for no such a Villain as I, and ordered me to go down Stairs directly. I was unwilling to obey, but he threatened me to call in a hundred to fetch me down. Then I knew I was blown; so I plucked up a Spirit, made him strip off his Night-Gown, and I put it on, locked him into a Room, went down Stairs, called in the Mob to fetch down the Informer, and so made my Escape, as you see.

Fud.

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Fud. An excellent Stratagem.

Grim. Stratagem! What is our Business without it? But come, don't let one Miscarriage prevent the Pursuit of a hundred: Is there any fresh Intelligence comie in?

Fud. Ay, Sir, we may set all Hands to Work; Captain *Mac-burry* has brought an Account of fourteen; and here is the Company's List has a good thousand Pounds in't; look on't. [Shews a long Roll of Paper]

Grim. A fine List indeed; why here is one, two, three, four, five, six, *Distillers, Chymists,* and *Apothecaries*, at 100*l.* each.

Fud. Ay, Sir, if we succeed in this List, and the Business of a few Months longer, I'll retire into the Country, and live free from Noise, as many of our Profession have done before us.

Grim. I am thinking to make a Purchase in *Middlesex*; I had a Land-Jobber this Morning with me to offer me a pretty Thing, which he said would qualify me to come into the Commission.

Fud. Ay, Sir, a Commission in *Middlesex*, is not so good as a *Place*—I like a *Place*.

Grim. Get into the Commission, and you need not fear having a *Place* at Court, or in a Publick Office.

Fud. No, no, at Court, for our Business: Publick Offices we have a Right to; they must encourage Merit, and we are the People that have a Title there.

Grim. Well, let us increase our Stocks, and lose no Time; for I hear there is going to be an Alteration in the Gin-*Act*, which will spoil all our Trade.

Fud. Then let us set up a Lottery; I can find a handsome Piece of Plate for a Draw-in.

Grim. And I have Medals enough; but that's but a bad Scherne now.

Fud,

The INFORMERS OUTWITTED.

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Fud. Say you so. — Well, Sir, I have given Instructions to all our Emissaries, and have supplied them with Cash for the Day; so that no Business hath stood still in your Absence.

Grim. Come, let us away then, for the Board will be sitting at Eleven.

Fud. Ay, but I must inform you, that I have admitted a Man and a Woman into the Society; they were properly recommended.

Grim. What are their Names, Sir?

Fud. Margaret Stripper, and Alexander Mac-laughland.

Grim. What a *Scotsman!* You know the *Scots* will not swear close, and the other ne'er lose a Cause for Want of Assistance.

Fud. Well, we shall see what they have done in the Evening, and then resolve whether they are to be continued.

Grim. With all my Heart. Come, I'll away; you'll meet me at Eleven. [Exit Grim.]

Enter 1st. *Woman Informer.*

I Wom. Mr. Fudge, your Servant.

Fud. Well Madam, have you seen this rich Apothecary you talked of?

I Wom. I have seen him, but could not speed.

Fud. How so?

I Wom. I urged the Charity it would be to help such an Object, and that nothing but a Dram would relieve her, and save her Life.

Fud. Well, and what said he then? He is a charitable Man?

I Wom. He said, he would not give a Farthing to save the Life of a Dutches, if she drank Drams; but as it was for a poor Woman, he gave me this Cordial. [Pulls out a Vial.] But I have a Thought come into my Head.

Fud.

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Fud. What's that?

I Wom. You know it was with much Difficulty, that he got off the last Time before the Commissioners; so I intend to put this Cordial out, and put Citron-Water into the Vial, and Jack Clincher and Jonathan Voucher shall swear that they saw him sell it to me. So Mr. Fudge I'll take my Leave for the present, and go and collect my Evidence; and do you in the mean time draw up what is proper for every one to swear.

Fud. I will.

I Wom. Your most humble Servant;—My Service to the Captain;—I shall soon return. [Exit.

Enter D U F F E R.

Fud. So Mr. Duffer, here are many Complaints against you.

Duff. Complaints of what? If the Board would not find him guilty, how could I help that?

Fud. Ay, but it is said you might have called in Assistance, for you will never get him in again: What Busines are you upon now?

Duff. Why, truly Sir, I have been acting in a double Capacity to fetch up the lost Time.

Fud. Come, that will be some Satisfaction: But how?

Duff. I have not only found a Smuggler of Tea, but have found out a rich Druggist, who hath bought a large Cargo of it; so I stood what they call Thief and Chapman, and took Money on both Sides; and since I have got the Smuggler secured, (for he was one that the Board have wanted a long Time,) and now I am going upon the Druggist, for I know where the Tea is lodged, and have given an Information.

Fud. This is Busines indeed! Do you want Assistance Mr. Duffer?

Duff.

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Duff. No, Sir, I see you have none ready at Hand, and I have no Time to spare.

Fud. O'd, I'll attend you myself on such an Occasion.

Duff. Come along then, we have it safe; I have baited the Trap.

S C E N E changes.

A Publick House. TRUEBLUE *solus.*

This two and twenty Years that I have kept this House, I never had so great Reason to watch my Customers as now; formerly I had nothing so much at Heart as minding my Scores, and getting my Reckonings, when my Liquor was drank; now I am plagued to tell whose Money to take. Well, I never was at School yet, and, thank Heaven, I never had Occasion for that Thing called Learning; I can make a round O, and a half round O, and a Crook and strait Stroke in Chalk, and that's enough for me at present; but I am resolved to learn *Phisiognomy* before I let go another Dram. What a wicked Age do we live in? No Man is at the Bottom what he appears to be in outward Shew. Here comes one Rogue holding his Belly, and crying out with the Gripes: Why, I let him have perhaps a Three-halt-penny Dram, and that more out of good Nature and Charity than Profit: And what is the Effect of this? This same Fellow goes immediately to a Magistrate, and informs against me for retailing Spiritous Liquors; I am taken out of my House, carried before his Worship, the Rogue swears, and I must pay ten Pounds, or go to the House of Correction.—Ha, —is this good Nature and Charity: But if ever I sell or give another Dram to the best Customer I have, I'll be secured; or if I suspect any one, woe betide him!

C for

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for I am resolved to give it him out of a Bottle of *Aqua Fortis*.—Ay, here comes a Gallows-mark Rogue I know.

Enter H A L F P A C E.

Halfp. Mr. *Trueblue* your Servant.

True. Ha, the Fellow has got my Name as pat as if he known me for seven Years. [Aside.]

Halfp. I ask you how you do Sir? Sure he don't mistrust me. [Aside.]

True. Ay, ay, I hear you did: Why really, bad enough; here have I paid ten Bounds but Yesterday, for selling three-half-penny worth of Brandy.

Halfp. Ha! what the informing Rogues have been with you.

True. Here's a Rogue of the Sort I was mentioning. [Aside.] Ay, Sir, these honest Gentlemen have been here, indeed. I am likely to pay my Brewer at this Rate of going on.

Halfp. Come, Landlord, don't you think that all Men are alike, because you have met with Rogues once.

True. Excuse me Sir, I don't imagine you to be so. What a damn'd Lie is that. [Aside.] I must still act my Part in the World, and endeavour to live. I can't say but the Dram Trade is a profitable one, and am I loth to part with it.

Halfp. Rot the Act, and those that first thought on't; a Man that is taken ill abroad must perish now.

True. He will go on, and curse him that signed it, I hope. [Aside] Ay, why it is so Sir.

Halfp. Now must I suffer Pain and Torture, and could be relieved, were it not for this cursed Act: Is it not a Shame that one Man dare not help another, and in a Christian Country too? But this is

Spaniſh

Spanifh Usage ; and as I have Money to pay for't,
e'gad, I'll have it somewhere. [In a Passion.]

True. Hold, Sir, Passion don't become a sick
Person. If you'll walk into another Room, per-
haps I may assist you—with a Dram of *Aqua Fortis.*

[Aside.]

Halfp. I'll follow you any where Sir. Ah, you
are a good Man.

True. Well, I'll wait on you. And when you
have talked your Treason before Witness, I'll take
care to secure you. [Aside.] Into the next Room,
Sir. [They go.]

Enter G A G E.

The Fellow promised to meet me here exactly
at this Time ; though I did not like him, yet as my
Liveliood depends on't, I must come.—I am
thinking within myself, whether it is best to keep
an Oath which prevents one from growing rich, or
to break it and get Money. I believe I am
the first Exciseman that ever stickled so hard with
an Oath. This same Conscience is truly an odd
Thing: Fifty Pounds could I have had given me
as a free Gift, only for overlooking a little Soap,
a few Candles, and other odd Materials, which I
might have gotten, by only winking one Eye:
But if I am caught, why then I am turned out ;
and a broken Exciseman is a most despicable
Thing, either in Town or Country. I have often
heard say, that they are a Bait for the Devil.—
But before I resolve on any Way, let's try myself.
If I had took this same Money, whose Loss is it ?
The King's. Who is best able to bear it ? The King.
There's a Salvo for that. Whom do I swear for ?
The King. And if I won't take the Oath, can
I have the Place? ——No.—Why there's ano-
ther Salvo. Well, but perhaps I may never
have an Offer of this Sort again.

C 2

Enter

Enter FUDGE and GRIMACE.

Fud. What meditating Mr. *Gage*?

Gage. No, o'my Conscience, I'm not meditating at this Time of Day.

Fud. Ha! ha! ha! an Exciseman, and talk of Conscience.

Gage. Good truly, I have not a great deal; but that little I have, I am loth to part with.

Fud. I'll rob you of none, I assure you, though I never saw the Word Conscience writ in an Exciseman's Book, or any Blush in their Faces, till now: But you have Conscience enough to do your Office, I hope.

Gage. Ay, to be sure Sir, while I am in it.

Fud. I have here an Order for you to attend on me to make a Seizure. [Gives a Paper.]

Gage. Very well Sir. Here am I at every Informer's Beck. [Aside.] You are sure you are right in your Information; the Tea is lodged at Mr. *Scamony* the Druggist's House.

Fud. I have made my Oath to your Betters Sir; so follow me, and ask no impertinent Questions.

Enter HALFPACE stamping, and running about.

Halfp. Fire! Murder! Fire! Fire! —

Fud. Hey, dey! What is the Meaning of all this Mr. *Halfspace*?

Halfp. O Lord, I am poisoned! Fire! Fire! Murder!

Enter TRUEBLUE.

True. Why, what's all this Noise for? Can't you drink a Dram and be pox'd to you, without making all this Ado.

Grim.

Grim. What is the Matter, Sir ?

Halfp. Why this Villain [has poison'd me. [To True.] Oh ! pray fetch me an Apothecary

True. Ay, I'll send for an Apothecary for you : Here Jack,

Enter SERVANT.

Do you run for Mr. Platform the Apothecary. Tell him to come this Minute.

Serv. to Mast. Sir, he is not an Apothecary.

True. Go about your Business ; bring him with you in a Minute, Sirrah.

Serv. I will, Sir. [Exit. Serv. running, Halfspace falls down.]

Grim. to True. Thou Villain, thou hast poison'd the honestest Man in England.

True. No, no, there are two left yet as honest as he was ; you'll excuse me, if I mean you two Gentlemen.

Grim. None of your Insults, Sir : You shall severely pay for what you have done already.

[They raise up Halfspace.

Half. to True. Oh, you Villain ! Murderer ! He has sold me a Quartern of Brandy, and then gave me Poison, because I should not betray him. Gentlemen, I am glad to see you. — Pray give me some Water.

True. Here, bring some Water---to cool his Throat ; for the Villain is going to swear a hundred false Oaths. [Servant brings Water.] He drinks ; an Oath sticks to his Tongue, like Pitch to a Sailor's Jacket ; the warmer it grows, the more it spreads.

Half. Ah, this has sav'd my Life.

Enter

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Enter Drawer and Constable.

True. to Draw. Desire the Company in the next Room to walk hither. And here is an Apothecary for you. [to Halfp.]

Enter several Men and Women.

Gentlemen and Ladies, what have you to say against this Gentleman? Here is the *Constable*.

1. *Man.* I give you Charge of this Man, [to Halfp.] Mr. *Constable*; he hath been cursing his *Majesty*, the Parliament, and the whole Legislature, within my Hearing, and likewise of every Person here present.

Const. Who heard him besides you?

All. Every one of us heard.

1. *Man.* I have every Word writ down as it came from his Mouth. And here it is. [Shows a Paper.]

Const. Enough, Sir, I'll take care of him. As I represent the King's Person, I shall not let such a Villain escape upon my own Account; for he would have serv'd me the same.

Grim. Ah! dear Landlord, shew a little Mercy.

True. Mercy? You may be a Confederate, for aught I know; about your Business, Sir, lest I prove you to be of the Clan.

Fud. Come, Gentlemen, let us away, for this Fellow will swear any Thing.

[Exit. Fudge, Grimace, and Gage.

Const. Bring him along. You'll attend him to the Justice's, Gentlemen. [To *Draw.*] I charge you to aid and assist.

All. Yes, that we will.

[Exit. *Const.* *Halfp.* *Drawer*, &c.

True.

True. I'll follow you presently ; and if I don't make an Example of him,---Body me. But hold, no Resolution ; supposing he should be licensed to speak Treason ; I have heard of such a Thing.

S C E N E changes.

Enter BUNG-YOUR-EYE, and Mrs. KILL-QUARTERN.

Bung. This same Act of Parliament hath made more Gin-sellers than before ; What think you, Mrs. Kill-Quatern ?

Killq. I am of your Opinion, Madam : For, altho' a thousand Distillers are broke since the late Act, yet ten thousand Dram-sellers are started up in their Places.

Bung. But you'll own there is a Conveniency in that ; for now, if I take a walk in the Fields, I may bung my Eye under every Hedge, tho' they dare not ask you to drink a Dram. If I go to visit a Friend, why it is sold in every House ; nay, even in Garrets. The very Parish of St. Giles's affords above a thousand Garret Gin-Shops, and all Retailers, for all the Act of Parliament.

Killq. True : If I go to Market, I have no sooner bargain'd for my Goods, but I am ask'd to bung my Eye : Their Stock lies in a small Compass, in their Pockets, and sometimes under their Petticoats, for Conveniency.

Bung. Ay : But do you hear the News ? The Parliament is going to cry it all down.

Killq. What, more Alterations yet ?

Bung. Ay ; they say, that 'tis a great Detriment to the Woollen Manufactury, and they are resolv'd on't.

Killq. And must I part with my darling Favourite, that hath kept up my Spirits these two seven Years.

Bung.

Bung. Ay ; but the Woollen Manufactury, —
Madam.

Killq. Curse the Woollen Manufactury. Let them turn it into *French Brandy*. I always found more Warmth in it than ever I did in a Blanket. I have so great an Aversion to Woollen, that I'll not be buried in Woollen.

Bung. Right ; nor I neither. And Provision is dear ; so, if they take it away, I may boldly say, they are starving the Poor. [Sighs.] Well, as I find it must go, I have brought a small Quantity to drink together.

[Pulls out a Quart Bottle.]

Come, my Dearest, let us buss before we part. Madam, your Health. [Drinks out of the Bottle.] Ah ! Thou delicious Morsel ; every Pleasure of Life is wrapp'd up in thee. Madam, pray pledge me.

Killq. [Drinks.] Ah ! If the Members o'th' House knew but the Worth on't in a cold Morning, they would ne'er part with it so easily : Come, t'other parting Kiss. [Drinks again.] How it quickens one's Understanding ! Pray Madam take another Suck, and then we'll have a Song.

Bung. [Drinks.] It drives away Sorrow : I'll swear the Pain of my Heart is almost removed. Come, my Service to you, Madam, [Drinks.] Pray pledge me ; it will clear your Voice, Madam ; and, I assure you, I take it to be a great Honour conferr'd upon me, to be admitted into the Company of a Lady who has been so well bred as you. I have had the Honour to sell your Father many a Paper of Orange-Chips in the Side-Box. But that was when I was a young Woman. [Sighs] Ah, see the Difference between Youth and Age ! When Lords and Dukes chuck'd me under the Chin ! Oh ! the handsome Offers that I have refus'd in my Time. Come, drink to me.

Killq.

The INFORMERS OUTWITTED. 17

Killq. Ay, Madam, with all my Heart. Here's Prosperity to Trade. [Drinks.]

Bung. Trade, hang Trade; I'm sure your Father never drank such a Health; he was a Gentleman every Inch of him, so here's a — [Hiccups] Health to former Times; for I beleive my poor Boy, who is now a Poet, was the Off-spring of some Man of Quality. [Drinks, and throws the Bottle away.] an Empty Bottle gives me the Heart-burn.

Killq. Ay, ay, --[Hiccups]-- There will be no full ones if the Act is altered. Well, I am resolv'd to grieve no longer; my Misfortunes have been increasing ever since the Year Twenty. [Sighs.] My Father, rest his Soul, had Losses, 'tis true; and walking on Foot instead of riding in a Coach, might afflict some; but I have a Heart above it. If I thought of my Father's Country-Seat, a Dram brought me to Town. If on his London House, a Dram carried me immediately into the Country. In short, Coach, Dress, Equipage, Balls, Operas, and all the Gaieties of Life which I have had, are Trifles to me, while I can get a comfortable Dram; but then, how wretched shall I be, barr'd by Fate on one Side, by the Parliament on the other. Oh! cruel! cruel!--

Bung. [Cries.] Ah! they might as well clap a Dagger to our Hearts at once. I'll go drink two Gallons, and then lay my Death to their Charge.

Killq. And so we will. Come along, and be reveng'd on them beforehand. [They go reeling out.]

S C E N E . H.

Enter SCUFFLE-HUNTER, in a Sailor's Jacket. Mr. PROVENDER smoaking Strangers.

Scuff. Harkee, Landlord, [Speaks low] havó you a Mind for a few Half-Anchors of neat Stuff,

at a very moderate Price ? t is now on Board, but I shall have it ashore to Night, if those Owl-faced Rascals, the Tidesmen, don't lay hold on't.

Pro. Why, really, Friend, I don't care to deal that Way.

Scuff. [Pulls out a Vial] Here's a Sample on't ; 'tis as perfect a Cordial as ever came from Nants. There's Proof for you. [Shaking the Vial.] If some Distillers had this, they wou'd make three out of one, and yet be good. See how the Proof stands.

Prov. Ay, 'tis good : But I have burnt my Fingers already ; therefore I will meddle no more with Strangers.

Scuff. Meddle ! what mean you by that ? You are the first Man that ever suspected me. Why, Sir, there's not a Port of the Globe but I have seen ; and, tho' I say it, Go or come where I will, say they, here comes honest Ben. But, however, draw me a Pint of Beer.

Prov. Yes Sir. [Goes and listens. Another strange Person comes forward, who was drinking.

Stra. Honest Friend, what have you got in your Vial ?-- The Landlord listens. [Aside.] Any Thing to sell ?

Scuff. No, Sir ; I am no 'Potecary. I am going a long Voyage, and this is a Tincture for the Cholick, which our Captain is very subject to.---Is the Landlord gone ? [Aside.]

Stra. I ask your Pardon, Sir.---Yes, he is gone. [Aside.]

Scuff. I shall nail the Cull presently ; he's a good Mouth. Sir, I tell you once more, I have nothing to sell ; and if I had, Sir, you may be an Informer for aught I know ; so keep your Distance.

[in a Passion.]

Stra. Thou art a sorry Fellow, and I believe you are a Smuggler.---

Scuff.

Scuff. How! a Smuggler?—You're a Rascal.

PROVENDER enters.

Pro. So, so, Gentlemen, you are very loud.

Scuff. Why, Landlord, here's an impudent Fellow says, he believes I'm a Smuggler, because I would not let him taste what was in this Vial.

Prov. No, no, Sir; pray set down; he is a very honest Man, is going a long Voyage, and 'tis only a Vial of *Savée's Gripe-water* for his Captain.

Stra. Sir, I heartily ask Pardon, I meant not to offend you; the Sun has shin'd a little hotter than ordinary [*Hiccups*] to Day; so I'll keep my own Company. [Goes and sits down.]

Scuff. Well, Landlord, what do you say? I have but ten Half-Anchors on Board, will you go down this Afternoon and taste it?

Prov. I don't much care to be seen on Board a Vessel that comes from *France*; and as this is a true Sample.—

Scuff. Ay, Sir, you may take my Word; they were all filled out of one Puncheon. I would swear it: But you know Sailors Oaths and Prayers are much alike.

Prov. Well, what shall I give you, in one Word, for the ten Half-Anchors delivered safely here?

Scuff. Why, really, Landlord, this same Gin-Act has ruin'd the Brandy Trade. Come, bid to please yourself; you're an honest Man, I'm sure, by your Looks.—Will you give fix? they are full Measure.

Prov. No, no, I never had any that held out Measure well. I don't love Words on these Occasions. I'll give you ten Pieces for them, provided you will deliver them about two or three o' Clock in the Morning at my House.

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Scuff. Well, I can do that ; for I will plant them at a trusty Friend's near by, and then make a second Remove : But you must make it twelve Guineas.

Prov. Not a Farthing more.

Scuff. Well, you shall make me a Present of a little Tiff.

Prov. As to that, I shall not stand with you ; but I sell none. Here, bring a Bottle of Shrub, and a little Water.

Draw. [within.] Yes, Sir.

Scuff. Ah ! Landlord, if you understood *French Lace* and Brocades, there's Money to be got. Your very Quality smuggle it themselves, 'tis so profitable.

Prov. Ay ; do they so ? How can that be ?

Enter Drawer with Water.

Scuff. Why, Sir, you know your Men of Quality frequently make the Tour of *France* ; they say 'tis to improve in good Manners, and Dres ; but I know better ; and if they are not very expensive there, they might get as much by Commissions as defrays the Expence of the Journey.

Prov. Commissions ! for what ?

Scuff. For Silver and Gold Lace, and Brocades. Why, they are prohibited ; and yet, I am told, that they can't make a fashionable Suit for a Man of Quality in *England* without *French* Trimming. So these Things must be had, cost what they will. But you'll excuse me, Landlord ; I only heard this from their Valets on board o' Ship.

Prov. Why, 'tis very often that the Secrets of a Family are better known by their Servants than the Master or Mistress.

Scuff.

Scuff. Very true: But pray do you hear what the French Ambassador is coming over here for?

Pro. Not I, indeed.

Scuff. You need not take notice of it; but it is to buy up all the English Bull-Dogs; so you may get Money by them, if you know of any to be sold.

Pro. Bull-Dogs! what's the Reason for that?

Scuff. Because they are resolved to leave no living Creature that has Courage in England.—'Tis an Agreement between France and Spain: But this is all Servants Talk. Come Landlord, to our next merry Meeting. [Drinks.]

Pro. Had you this News on Board? If your French Brandy was not better than their French News, I'd not concern myself with it.

Scuff. Ay, Sir, you know the French talk a great deal to little Purpose.

Pro. Ay, and the English too, I think. Come Friend, here's to you. [Drinks.] If you use me well now, we may deal again.

Scuff. If I don't, never take my Word again. Well, what is your Hour? [Drinks.]

Pro. At Two precisely; I'll stay up on Purpose.

Scuff. I'll not fail: Your humble Servant.

[Exit. Scuff. His Companion follows.]

Pro. How we People in the publick Way, are obliged to hear every one's nonsensical Talk. There was this poor Fellow with his French Lace, and his Bull-Dogs, and his Men of Quality: What a Jumble is there! Ay; yet, faith, I cannot say but it carries a good Metaphor. However, the Brandy is good, and I believe the Fellow is very honest; but he had no Hand in the Plot, that's certain. Ha! ha! ha! this Bull-Dog Story makes me laugh.—Ha! ha! ha!

C A S E looks in at the Door.

Cafe. I prea now, where abouts is the *Size Office*?

Pro. Prithee Friend, come in and ask your Questions. [Comes in.] Now, who do you want?

Cafe. I want the *Size-Office*.

Pro. Oh, do you so. What, you are not going to inform I hope?

Cafe. I form! Gat save you, I have been form'd mysel, and paid more Money than I'm worth.

Pro. Have you so! What are those honest Gentlemen crept into the Country too?

Cafe. Ay, we have them about our Tawn, and our Justices know not how to deal with them. Now, if Rogues steal our Horses, our Cattle, or our Poultry, they know how to deal with them; but these same Formers, they swear, and we must pay the Money only for selling a Halfporth of Bob.

Pro. And what is your Business at the *Excise-Office*?

Cafe. Why, truly, our Justice says I must peal there, for he could not help me.

Pro. How came you to sell this same Bob to those whom you could not trust?

Cafe. Ay, Sir, you have hit the *Cafe*: I did trust her a long Score; and because I asked civilly for the Money, why she goes and forms against me.—But, I prea Sir, who are those Commissioners? are they the Members of Parliament?

Pro. I don't know that Friend.

Cafe. If our Member be one of them, I shall have my Money again; for he is a main generous Man: At our Lection, Guineas were as plenty as Horsebeans; Od, our People could hardly count them, they were so merry; Gad, I got woundey fuddled with him, and he was very familiar.

Pro. Ay, but he won't be so now, I'm afraid.

Cafe.

Cafe. Ah, why so? He is an honest Man, and was chosen upon the Country Interest.

Pro. Why then he is not a Commissioner, I can tell you.

Cafe. No! Is there no Commissioner in the Country Interest?

Pro. No, they are all in the Interest of their Country.

Cafe. Why, I can't see the Difference of that now.

Pro. No, no, you who live in the Country, can't see so far as we *Londoners* can; the Laws are made here Man.

Cafe. And executed in the Country. 'Tis my Thoughts, this same Speritos Act hath done more Harm than all the Gunpowder in the Tower.

Pro. Ha! ha! ha! very right; for the Guns are only fired by Way of Rejoicing: These are peaceable Times; you might eat a Hasty-Pudding made with Gunpowder now, it wou'd not hurt you.

Cafe. Ay, but I don't care to try it. Well, but what do you sell, Landlord?

Pro. No Drams I assure you.

Cafe. Then let us have a Pot of Protestant Beer, as we say in the Country. [Sits down.]

Pro. That you shall, Sir. [Goes.]

Cafe. This same is a special good-natured Man: A Hasty-Pudding with Gunpowder! E'gad, if I was to tell that in the Country, I should be blown up with Gunpowder.

Enter PROVENDER with Beer.

Pro. Come, honest Friend, my Service to you.

[Drinks.]

Cafe. I thank ye. E'gad, he has a main good Swallow. [Aside.] Here's to you Friend. [Drinks.]

[Pre-

Pre a what News have you in *London*? For my Neighbours charged me to bring down all the News I could light on.

Pro. News, why that will be very chargeable to you, if you carry what's good.

Cas. Chargeable! why, do People pay for News?

Pro. Pay for't, ay; here's my News-Paper now, look on't; every one of these Advertisements pays a Shilling a-piece Duty to the King. And here this little Piece of News cost two Shillings I warrant. [Reads.] *We bear that the Pope should say, that 'twas a Pity the Orator was an Heretick.*

Cas. Ay! what that little Piece cost two Shillings? Why, a Man might be ruined by buying News at that Rate; and only about the *Pope* and the *Otterer*: Pray who is he?

Pro. A Clergyman, who is a famous Preacher in this Town.

Cas. Ay, say you so! I'll go hear him, for I love to hear a *London* Parson: For they do so drole us over in the Country. We have one now at our Town, who lays all the Congregation fast asleep in a Quarter of an Hour: But the poor Man is but a Curate, and can hardly live. But I will go hear this *Otterer*.

Pro. Ay, but you must pay Money to hear him.

Cas. Give Money to go to Church! No, not I, pray. What is it he that shews the old Tombstones in *Westminster* Church? because I gave him Money, and he talked a great deal to little Purpose. Well, but Ise not go. Prea how far is't to this *Size-Office*. Ise go hear what they say, however. Here's to you. [Drinks.] Come, give me Change. [Gives Money. *A Cry without, Informers! Informers!*] What is that? the Lord-Mayor: Od, Ise go see.

[Runs out.]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, A Room in PROVENDER's House.

PROVENDER and SHOULDER-TAPPER.

Pro. **N**EIGHBOUR Shoudertapper, I sent for you to beg your Advice in an Affair which I have been concerned in.

Shoul. You may command me, Sir.

Pro. I thank you, Sir.

Shoul. What, you have been purchasing this Morning.

Pro. Purchasing! Ay, the Murrain take them! This it is to do Things in the Dark. I have set up all Night to a fine Purpose; and have bought a Bargain indeed, to give ten Guineas for ten half Anchors of Pump Water.

Shoul. You used to know better, Landlord.

Pro. Why, I did so Neighbour; but this Rogue had an Art beyond my Comprehension. A Sailor! a Devil, I think!

Shoul. Did not you taste it before you paid for't?

Pro. I did taste it, and it was good, and you shall taste it. Here is one of the Half-Anchors, look at it.

Shoul. Ay, why 'tis of the French Make I believe.

Pro. A Pox take them; I believe so too. We never got any Thing by the French, but when we fought for it, nor ever shall; look at it again, 'tis

R a Mas-

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a Master-piece ; they say, the *French* at Invention are good.

Shoul. But the *English* improve upon their Plan.

Pro. Heavens forbid they should on this. Come, I'll shew you now. [Draws Liquor out.] taste that.

Shoul. [Tastes.] Really Sir, 'tis very good ; why do you talk of Pump-Water ?

Pro. I'll shew you, Sir. [Turns to the End of the Vessel. Draws.] Look you here Sir, Is not that Water ?

Shoul. Surprising ! How is this !

Pro. Now, Sir, here is a Vessel broken, and out of this I had almost a Quart of Brandy, and that cost me a Guinea.

Shoul. Ay, you are for buying cheap ; you won't deal with Neighbours, ha ! ha ! ha !

Pro. Why, Sir, I have paid as dear in my Neighbourhood ere now. I have had an Anchor of stinking Spirits sent in by a Distiller, when I was poor, and have been obliged to pay for *French* Brandy : You know it well, for you arrested me for the Money.

Shoul. I remember it ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Pro. Ay, but I sent for you to advise me what Means to use, to detect the Villain that has cheated me ; and you make a Jest of this Imposition.

Shoul. A Jest, Neighbour ! No, no ; for the many Years that I have belonged to *The Woodstreet-Compter*, I have never had the handling of any one that went upon this Lay. 'Tis new to me, but I'll enquire ; and perhaps he has not done with you ; he may come again ; you know the Rooks build their Nests annually in the Temple.

Pro. How ! not done with me, a Villain ! If he comes again, I would blow his Brains out, with his Lace and his Bull-Dogs.

Shoul.

Shoul. Hold, Landlord! you're raised too high; you know you deal in *India Goods* as well as *Spirituos Liquors*; and supposing he should send a *Custom-House Officer* to search your House, and take them all away.

Pro. Can they do so?

Shoul. Yes, Sir, they can, and break your Doors open; Excise Power is strong.

Pro. Indeed!

Shoul. Ay, indeed, and he will inform, it is my Opinion, I'll tell you a Case which I was concerned in t'other Day. A Person brings me a Writ to arrest a Woman; she was what we call *shy*, and locked up Stairs. All Stratagems to get at her failed: At length the Plaintiff comes to me with great Joy; says he, We can do it now. How so, said I? Why, her Daughter has got an *India Chints Gown*; I'll go and inform, and get a Warrant to search the House for it; he did so, got a Warrant, and we went and took her, but found no Gown. Why Man, if the Excise-Bill had passed, I'd not have took ten thousand Pounds for my Place.

Pro. O dear! I am in Danger of worse Mischief!

Shoul. Ay, ay, they love what they call a bleeding Cull; they won't leave you Landlord.

Pro. But Mr. *Shoulder-tapper*, can't you inform me what Method to take? For if I should be so served, I shall be almost ruined.

Shoul. Why, have you a great Quantity of run Goods by you?

Pro. Ah lack! several hundred Pounds worth.

Shoul. Have you so? Then I'll do it myself. [Aside.] Don't you offer to move any Thing till Night, and then clear your House, and put it out of the Power of these Rogues to hurt you. By which Time I'll secure all. [Aside.]

Pro. Good Advice, in truth.

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Shoul. Landlord, mind my Advice ; I'll do you all the Service I can. I must be quick in giving my Information, lest another does it first. [Aside.] Be assured of my Friendship. [Exit.]

Pro. I thank you Sir. Always set a Thief to catch a Thief. E'gad, I am glad I sent for him ; these Officers know more Querks than the Lawyers. How strange this is, that I should be in such Danger, and not know it. I have a lucky Thought come into my Head ; there is an old Saying, *Safe bind, safe find.* E'gad, I'll go and bind them all up together, and send them away directly ; and as for my Liquors, my Exciseman and I have a good Understanding.

Enter Officers, Constable, and Attendants.

Off. Landlord ! I have an Information, for your having run Liquors in your House.

Pro. Oh ! I'm glad it's no worse. [Aside.] Liquors you say ! Why, really Friend, I own I have a few half Anchors that my Exciseman hath not taken Cognizance of, in the Cellar ; I scorn'd to remove them, they are below Stairs ; you'll find them I warrant. Excisemen are generally good Marksman.

[*Off. to Const.*] Come, follow me. [They go.]

Pro. If they go no further, I am safe ; but if they should go up Stairs, I'm ruin'd indeed ! Ned, go you up and lock the Door of my Chamber ; tho' these Officers will break it open ; their Power is strong ; 'tis Policy not to resist them. Ay, now here's the Effect of the Excise-Bill, every Merchant's House would have had these Fellows in't,

Enter

Enter Officers, &c. with half Anchors.

Off. You see Landlord, you get nothing by this clandestine Way of Trade, at the Long-run.

Pro. Why, truly, no more I don't, Friend ; and I suppose that you will get as much by it as I have done ; for he is a very honest Fellow who sold that Liquor to me. Pray, could not one have the Pleasure of seeing him once more ?

Off. Not as I know of ; those who give Intelligence to us are always secreted, if they desire it.

Pro. More's the Pity ; I would give a few Pieces for a Sight of him.

Off. Would you so ? Then I'll call again, and help you to that. [Aside.]

Pro. And I'll secure him for a Cheat. [Aside.]

Off. Come along. [They carry out the half Anchors.]

S C E N E changes.

The Street. Fudge and Grimace walking.

Enter VOUCHER.

Vouch. Your Servant, Gentlemen ; I was going to your House, to make an offer of my Service : I have a Recommendation, [Gives a Letter.]

Grim. [Reads.]

The Bearer hereof is a very good Hand in particular Cases in our Way : He is always in Company with every one of us where-ever we please ; can tell his Story well, and without Hesitations ; and will be useful in several other Things. I can only say this,

this, that Mac-Cray's Evidence had never been detected, had he been one of them.

I am your humble Servant,

CATHARINE COINER.

P.S. I am upon Business, or I would have waited on you. The Cole is safe.

Fud. Well, Friend, 'tis a tolerable Reputation you bear, I see ; but I am apt to scruple it by your Appearance ; your Garb is too mean. And 'tis not worth while to clothe you, till we know what Service you could do us. How have you earn'd your Bread to this Age ?

Vouch. With a great deal of Industry, Sir, and have supported a very large Family. I was bred in this Way from my Infancy.

Grim. A Family of Women, you mean, I suppose. But I won't meddle with Family Affairs ; so pray tell me, how did you begin the World ?

Vouch. Why Sir, when I was a little Kid, I used to look out for Hogs feeding in the Street, and I drove them along by little, and little, till they came to the *Green-Yard*, (that's the City Pound Sir) ; there I got Three Pence a Head for my Pains ; and as I grew bigger, I got into greater Business ; then I look'd out for a Cart or a Coach, which the Man had left while he went to do Business, or the like ; away I drove them to the same Place ; there was a Shilling a-piece. And so on to *Smithfield* Market I went for Cattle ; or, if I saw a Countryman's Horse ty'd to a Post, I took the same Course with it. And, tho' I say it, in the whole Course of my Life, I never was accused of a dishonest Action.

Fud.

Fud. This was formerly : But how have you lived since?

Vouch. Why, really, Sir, since I was reduc'd, I have followed a little Low-Life, and have been a Runner to the *Compters*; but for all that, I have help'd several good Gentlemen thro' Statutes of Bankruptcy, by making up Number and Value; and tho' I appear so mean now, I have sworn myself to be worth ten thousand Pounds a-many Times within this Six Months: Then who dar'd refuse my Bail?

Fud. You had better kept on that Business; ours will not be so profitable to you.

Vouch. Ah! Sir, 'tis good for nothing since the late Insolvent Act. But I did all this for no Profit to myself, my Masters that employ'd me got the Money.

Fud. And our Business is going off; they are about to make Amendments to the Act, and that will spoil it for us.

Vouch. True; if a Thing is not well done at first.—

Grim. Look you, Friend, our Business is falling off, as I tell you; and when the Act is amended, you know, there won't be much to be done; therefore I am going out of it. And if you think proper to wear my Livery, and drive a Coach, I'll hire you for that, and give you good Wages. I love to be known first by my Servants.—And I'll lend you a rich Suit to stand Bail in now and then, and I may help you to Busineſſ in that Way.

[*A Cry without, Informers! Informers!*]

Grim. Come, let us away: See which Way they are coming, lest we fall into their Hands. That Cry has given me an Ague.

Fud. And me a Fever. Hark!— [*Informers! Informers!*] The Cry is this Way. [Pointing.] *Vouch.*

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Vouch. I will push in among them, and cry out as they do ; and then I may have an Opportunity to secure myself, and mark out some of them.

Fud. A good Thought ; do so, and let us see you in the Evening. Point out the best in Appearance among them.

Vouch. Leave that to me. [Without, *Informers!* [Informers!]

Grim. Let us scour away. [Ex. Grimace, and [Fudge, running.]

Enter Mob, among them KILL-QUARTERN and BUNG-YOUR-EYE.

Vouch. joins.] Informets ! Informers ! duck him ; Horsepond him ; down with him. [He lays hold of Case the Countryman.] Informers ! Informers !

Mob all. Silence, Silence.

1 Man. What shall we do with him, he's an old Offender ?

Mob. Horsepond him.— Drown him.

Bung. No, no, drowning is too good for him ; first let me break his Head with this Empty Bottle. [Breaks it on his Head.] There, Sirrah, that's the last of four To-day, that I have emptied ; go and inform that. Sirrah, my Son has writ a Farce, and I'll make it a Tragedy. Take that. [Strikes him.]

Case. Oh dear ! Murder ! Murder !

Killq. Ah ! you Rogue, you shan't cry out for nothing : Take that ; [Spirits Gin in his Face.] and here are my Garters to hang him. But hold, I must give you a Mark with my Patten.

[Strikes him.]

1 Inf. Have some Mercy, I beseech you.----- Oh dear ! Oh dear !

1 Mob. Come, bring him along, we'll give him true Discipline.

All. Huzza ! Informers ! Informers ! [They go. SCENE

S C E N E changes.

*An Apothecary's Shop. CALOMEL solus. Frip-
pery without crying,*

Frip. Old Cloaths to sell. Old Cloaths to sell.
Calo. Here, you, Woman.

Enter F R I P P E R Y.

Frip. Ay, Master, I am glad you have some-
thing to do in my Way this cold Morning; Could
not you help me to a Bung-your Eye amongst all
those Gallipots?

Calo. Thou scandalous Woman, get out of my
House, I'll not deal with you. What do you want
to inform against me?

Frip. Why? you forty Fellow, I remember
when you kept a Shop in the Street as well as my
self: You a Doctor! You may call yourself a
Mad-Doctor, for no Body in their Senses would
come to you.

Calo. About your Business, or I'll have you se-
cured.

Frip. Me secured? secure your own Nose if you
can. You have lam'd and blinded more than ever
the Pox and Gout did; and for your pretended
Specifick, it hath done more Mischief in one Year,
than Spirituous Liquor, or Tea-Drinking, has in se-
ven. I hope you'll be in the Act next Time.

Calo. Get you out of my House, Hussey.

Frip. What, you have got a Suit of Cloaths now,
Sirrah? I knew you when all the Cloaths on your
Back would not make a Two-penny Ragg-Mop;
and now you are turn'd Doctor, you are capable
to make a Trade and be pox'd to you. Better you
had sold me a Dram.

F

Calo.

Calo. Be gone from my Door, or I'll secure you for a Rioter.

Frip. Will you so? but I'll secure you first.

S C E N E changes.

A Room in Gameright's House. Several Gentlemen smoaking, with a Bowl of Punch before them.

Enter LURCHER in Women's Apparel, and 2 Woman Informers.

1 Gent. Come, Landlord, venture to fill for us again.

Game. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart: Friends are Friends all over the World; and he that would not oblige a Friend, is a Fool. I believe the wise Legislature never intended to debar Gentlemen from the Use of what they liked, but to prevent the Vulgar from what would be their Ruin.

Lurch. Aside to Wom. Ay, I shall explain the Act to him by and by: We are quite right in our Information. [They sit down.]

2 Wom. Landlord, bring me a Pint of Red Port.

Game. [With the Bowl in his Hand.] Yes, Madam. [Goes]

Lurch. 'Tis Punch, I find; I have enough to swear by already.

2 Wom. How do you know 'tis Punch?

Lurch. By the Smell of the Bowl. I have sworn by the Smell several Times, Woman.

2 Wom. Ay, but will the Justice take that Oath?

Lurch. There are some not so inquisitive as others; you will know the Nature of them by that Time you have made half a Score Affidavits of this sort.---But, in Truth, my Smell is better than my Taste. So that, if I han't an Opportunity to taste, why then I swear by that which is best. But here comes

comes my Landlord with a full Bowl ;---so I'll do both. [Dips his Finger in't as he passes by.

Game. Why, how now, Madam? I wonder at your Assurance.

2 Wom. Pray excuse the Lady; she is in a Longing Condition.

Game. Say you so? Then she shall drink up the whole Bowl, and welcome. I come of a Woman, and I love a Woman. So, Madam, pray drink, and wash the Boy's Head. [He drinks.] Come, wet t'other Eye. I would not have a Boy lost for a Million. Egad, I'll stand Godfather, if you want. Come, drink again; you shall. [He drinks, and spouts it into a Vial.] Will you have any more, Madam? You are welcome.

Lurch. No, Sir, I thank you.

Game, to 2 Wom. Come, you are not too old to be in the same Condition; pray drink.

2 Woman. I thank you, Sir. [Drinks.]

Gam. Come, Women have two Eyes, so drink and wet t'other.

2 Woman. No more, Sir, I thank you.

Game. Well, you are welcome; I can recruit.

[Goes.

Lurch. to Wom. This is a right Intelligence. He is a rare Woman's Man, I find; if I had not put on this Apparel, we had done nothing with him.

1 Gent. to 2 Gent. Did not you observe one of the Women to spit the Punch out of her Mouth into a Vial?

2 Gent. I did, Sir; What was the Meaning on't?

1 Gent. Look after her, she is writing; and 'tis my Opinion they are Informers,

Enter GAMERIGHT with a full Bowl.

Game. Ladies, here's a Recruit; Will you mend your Draught? Never starve in the Land of Plenty.

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1 *Wom.* No more, I thank you.

[*Carries it to the Table.*]

1 *Gent.* Landlord, what have you been doing? Those two Women are Informers, I believe verily.

Game. Informers!---- the Devil a-bit are they! Do you think the good Woman has a Mind to send her Off-spring to the Devil head-long; one of them is big with Child, Man.

1 *Gent.* Ay, big with Expectations of making you pay a hundred Pounds.----

2 *Gent.* I saw her turn her Head and spirt the Liquor into a Vial, and then she put it into her Pocket, and has writ it down in her Book, I'll warrant.

Game. Nay, now I am in a fine Box. 'Pox take my Generosity, I have been kept a Beggar by it all my Life-time. But how shall I do to know?

1 *Gent.* Do you go out of the Way, and we'll find Means to search her.

Game. Ay, egad, that will do. [*Walking off.*]

1 *Gent.* Here, Landlord, fetch me Silver for a Guinea.

Game. Yes, Sir. [*He goes up Stairs.*]

[*First and second Gentleman come forward.*]

1 *Gent.* to *Lurcb.* By your Leave, my Dear; I love to kis a big-belly'd Woman.

[*Offers to kiss him.*]

Lurcb. Stand off. [*Pushes him.*]

1 *Gent.* Pray, Gentlemen, come hither; this Lady with Child, is either a Man or a *Hermaphrodite*; she has a plaguy long Beard.

All. Let's search her. 'Tis a Man! 'Tis a Man.

1 *Gent.* [*Calling out.*] Landlord; pray come to the Groaning. [*They strip him.*]

Enter

Enter GAME RIGHT.

Game. Thou Wolf in Sheep's-Clothing! Thou Jackall! Thou *Canibal!* Are you come hither to spread your Net? Come, strip! strip! you are not at a Masquerade. Search if he has no dangerous Weapons or Pistols in his Pocket. [Feels in his Pocket, and takes out the Vial and Pocket-Book.

I Gent. Ay, here is the Gunpowder and the Pistol, [Shewing the Vial.] and here's the Match. [Shews the Pocket-Book. [Reads.] Memorand. March the 19th 1737-8. Mr. Tho. Game-right sold one Pint of Red Wine, and one half Crown Bowl of Punch, in Presence of Sarah Stirabout, to me Solomon Lurcher.

Game. The Dog writes like a Musick Master: Every Stroke carries a Blot. Ay, a pretty Piece of Intelligence! You are, I suppose, what they call a Paragraph Man. Ah! you Villain! When did I sell you a Half-Crown Bowl of Punch?

Lurch. Oh! never! never! I declare before all this Company, that I never was in your House before; and had not come in this Manner now, but I heard you was a Man who loved the Women,

[*The Company laugh.*]

2 Wom. Dear Sir, forgive us this once.

Game. Egad Mrs. I can scarcely refuse your Petition, if you are a Woman.

I Gent. Sir, if you offer to forgive him, you shall pay the Penalty Money.

All. And so you shall.—So bring him away to the Magistrate.

Game. Ah, you Hermaphrodite, mollying Dog! I'll stand Godfather, but you shall be dipped in a Horsepond! What, you thought any thing with a Cap-on would serve *Tom Gameright*. Bring him along!

S C E N E

S C E N E changes.

A Druggist's Shop. Servant waiting.

Enter FUDGE, DUFFER, GAGE, and CONSTABLE.

[*Fud. to Serv.*] Where is your Master?

Serv. He is above Stairs, Sir. I'll call him,

Fud. No Matter; I can do my Busines without him. Pray Gentlemen follow me, and I'll shew you the Goods.

[*They go.*]

Serv. What's the Meaning of all this! I'll call my Master. [*Calls.*] Sir! Sir! Pray come down this Instant!

Enter SCAMMONY.

Scam. What's the Matter?

Serv. O Sir! the Man who came with the Tea Yesterday, and three more with him, are gone down Stairs without asking Leave.

Scam. Ay! this it is to deal in a clandestine Way; but I suspected that ill-looked Rascal: And they must have good Luck if they find it. This is a Token of the Benefit of Excise. [*Fudge, Duff, Const. and Gage, return with each a Bag.*] So, Gentlemen! I see you have all got your Loads.

Gage. Mr. *Constable*, bear Witness that I put the Broad Arrow upon these Goods. [*Marks them.*] [*To Duff.*] You are sure we are right.

Duff. Ay, ay; and Mr. *Constable* bear Witness that I vouch 'tis all Run Tea, and I helped to bring it here.

Scam. More Rogue you. Take care what you are about Gentlemen; I shall bring you to the Stool of Repentance, perhaps.

Fud.

Fud. Don't you offer to abuse his Majesty's Servants, Sir, in the Execution of their Office. Do you know there has been a Proclamation lately, Sir?

Scam. Ay, to punish all Rogues, I hope.

Fudg. I thought a Man of your seeming Reputation, would be ashamed to cheat the King. Come, Gentlemen, we have marked these Bags, so let's fetch the others from the Cellar.

Conſt. Do you so ; and I will look after these.

[*Conſt.* writes. They go.]

Scam. Pray Mr. *Conſtable* where do you live ?

Conſt. Why, really Sir, I am a Housekeeper and a Tradesman : There is one of my Shop-Bills.

[*Gives a Paper.*]

Scam. Ay, I am sorry you have got into such Company : If you'll be advised by me, lay Hands upon these Bags no more ; 'tis dangerous for you.

Conſt. Say you so ! Good Truth, I'll forbear then ; for I am a Stranger to these Affairs.

Enter FUDGE, GAGE, and DUFFER,
with each a Bag.

Scam. What ! more Robberies ?

Duff. Have a care what you say Sir ! If you blast the Reputation of Gentlemen, Woe betide you !

Scam. Gentlemen ! [To *Gage.*] Pray Sir let one see your Token of Gentility.

[*He shews a Deputation.*]

Duff. Ay, Sir, the King's Officers are Gentlemen you see.

Scam. And so are the King's Soldiers. Sir, look you too it. [To *Conſt.*] Gentlemen, these Goods were fairly bought and paid for ; and you shan't carry them out of my House. [They struggle.]

Duff.

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Duff. Oh! oh! what are you thereabout? then we shall carry you too. Constable keep the Peace. Come, Sir, I'll put them into the Coach. [Takes a Bag.] The same Weight to a Grain; they han't been touched, I find.

Fud. And I'll assist you. [They take them off.

Gage. And I'll take one. [Offers to take one.

[Scam. to Gage.] Sir, 'tis my Request that you don't carry one Bag off: Let those two honest Gentlemen do it, if they dare; I like their Looks, they are formed for Mischief. [Fud. and Duff.

carry all the Bags out.

Duff. Come, now Gentlemen, you'll guard them to the *Excise-Office*. Will you go in the Coach, or shall we? there is Room but for two of us.

Scam. No, no, Gentlemen, I insist upon you two riding together; it is a Pity to part you.

Duff. Come, Mr. Fudge, so we will; who knows but they may cut a Bag, and fill their Pockets out on't. I shall wait on you again Sir. [To Scam.

[They go.

Scam. No, no, I won't give you that Trouble; I'll wait upon you. But pray let me speak to the Coachman. [Calls.] Here Coachman. [Coachman enters.] Do you drive to Justice *Worthy's* in the next Street. And Mr. *Constable* I charge you with those two Men in the Coach for a Robbery; and for your Part, you have acted as your Busines directs. [To Gage.] So pray let us have your Company to the Justice's, and there will you see the whole Affair unriddled, perhaps to your Satisfaction; so let's away.

S C E N E

S C E N E changes.

A Room in Justice Worthy's House. Several Persons under Examination; among them Bung-your-Eye, Killquatern, &c.

Enter VOUCHER holding CASE, Constable and Attendants, &c.

Jus. to *Const.* What is your Business here?

Const. Please your Worship, I am charged with this Man for being a Rioter.

Jus. Who gave you the Charge?

Vouch. I, an't please your Worship. There was a poor Man going along the Street quietly; and some wicked People cried out, Informers! Informers! So this Man knocked him down twice within my Seeing, with this great Stick. [Shows a Stick.

Jus. Was this done at the Beginning of the Mob's rising?

Vouch. Yes, Sir, the very Beginning; he was the Cause of all the Disturbance.

Case. I the Cause of the Disturbance! dearest Heart! I know no more on't than the Man i'th' Moon.

Stra. If your Worship pleases to let me speak, I'll tell you the whole Affair.

Just. Do so.

Stra. I followed the Mob along two or three Streets, and they were very riotous and abusive to a Man, whom they said was an Informer. At last I observed this Fellow [*To Voucher.*] to be of an indifferent Aspect, and he joined the Mob, and cried out, Informers! Informers! Horsepond him! duck him! and the like Expressions.

G

Jus.

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Jus. And what did you see of this Countryman?

Stra. I saw him staring and looking on, as most Countrymen do on such Occasions; but he never offered the least Offence, and this Fellow laid hold of him to pick his Pocket as I thought, therefore I kept him in my Eye, and have seen all the Proceedings.

Jus. to Vouch. Why then you are the Rioter I find. Where is the Man that was abused?

Stra. Almost dead, I suppose; for they used him cruelly.

Jus. to Vouch. What is your Name pray?

Vouch. Jonathan Voucher, a'nt please your Worship.

Jus. Oh, oh, I remember you. Did not you once come before me about the Reformation of Manners?

Vouch. Yes, a'nt please your Worship, I have been an Assistant to them.

Jus. Ay, and a good one I find. [To Clerk.] Come, make his *Mittimus* for a Rioter. [To Stran.] Sir, you'll swear to your Charge, and be bound to prosecute.

Stra. Yes Sir, I will.

Vouch. Ah dear! Worshipful Sir! pray admit me an Evidence.

Jus. Well, I don't know but I may, on a second Examination: But take him away. [Constable takes him away.] [To Case.] And for you honest Man, Fortune has been very kind, as well as this good Gentleman; for had he not come here, Heaven knows! you're Fate might have been bad. So pray let this be a Warning to you, not to join in Mobs.

Case. I thank your Worship. I think the World has more Rogues in't than usual. Well, I'll take care I warrant. If this be coming to peal, I'll peal Home again.

Enter

*Enter SCAMMONY, CONSTABLE,
DUFFER, FUDGE, GAGE, &c.*

Conſt. Please your Worship, I am charged with these two Men [To Duff. and Fud.] for a Felony.

Jus. Who gave the Charge?

Scam. I, an't please your Worship.

Duff. Ay, a pretty Charge indeed! Please your Worship, he has cheated the King, bought run Goods; and I have given an Information. Here is a Warrant; this is the Exciseman, and this the Constable. And in the Coach at the Door is the Tea, in the very Bags; he bought it Yester day: And if this be Felony, I appeal to your Worship.

Jus. to Scam. Here Sir, you charge Persons with Felony, and I find you are the Aggressor yourself.

Scam. But, Sir, will he swear to the Tea? It is a difficult Thing.

Duff. Ay, that I will, and to the very Bags that it is in, because I know the Manner they were tied up; and Sir, it is the same.

Scam. I wish, honest Friend, you arn't tied up yourself by and by.

Jus. Come Sir, no Insults, bring in the Tea, and let me see it. [*The Bags are brought in.*] Now Gentlemen, can you swear to the Tea, or to the Bags?

Duff. To both Sir; I am the Man.

Jus. Give him his Oath. [*Clerk swears him.*]

Jus. Are these Bags and Tea the very same which you sold to this Gentleman? Look on them.

Duff. Yes, the very same; they have not been untied since I tied them up.

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Scam. An honest Fellow indeed! [Aside.]

Jus. This is not properly my Business; but as you have charged a Felony against them, I must hear them.

Scam. And I'll support it. Pray Sir give me Leave to open the Bags.

Jus. Do so. [Cuts them open, and they are all full of Corn.]

Scam. Now Sir, where is your Run Tea?

[They all stand amazed.]

Duff. Ah! dear Sir! he has taken out the Tea!

Scam. And you have stolen the Corn. And Sir, [To *Jus.*] I insist on a Prosecution.

Gage. Ay, you Rogue! you would have brought me into the Scrape, had not the honest Gentlemen prevented it. Your Understanding is equal to your Villany.

Conſt. And me too; for which I hope I shall have the Honour to see you safe in hold, S-i-r-r-a-h.

Jus. That you shall. Why how notorious is this! Thou Villain! What you thought all the Bags in this Gentleman's House must be filled with Run Tea. [To Clerk.] Write their *Mittimus* for Felony. Stand on one Side.

Duff. Ah dear Sir!

Conſt. Come along.

[They go.]

*Enter PROVENDER, CONSTABLE,
and SCUFFLEHUNTER.*

Conſt. Please your Worship, I have a Charge against this Man for a Fraud, and a very notorious one.

Jus. You should have left that for me to have said. Well, what is it?

Pro. A'nt please your Worship, he came to me with a Pretence of having brought from France a

Quan-

Quantity of French Brandy, and sold ten half Anchors to me, at a Guinea a Piece.

Just. Ay ; but that is under Price, Sir.

Pro. No, really, 'twas over Price. Look you here, Sir ; [Shows a half Anchor.] This Part was fill'd with Water ; and this had about a Quart of Brandy in it.

Just. Oh ! a most flagrant Cheat ! Ay, ay, I know him ; he's what you call a *Duffer* ; one who meets unwary People in the Streets, and pretends to sell them Handkerchiefs, and *India Goods*. All a Cheat ! all a Cheat ! Send him to *Bridewell*. And, Sir, [To Prov.] I hope you'll see him well lash'd.— Stand aside. [the Justice signs, they all go.

Pro. That I will, depend on't. Come along, you Rogue, with your Bull-Dogs, and Men of Quality.

Enter GAMERIGHT, LURCHER,
CONSTABLE, &c.

Just. Well, what is your Business ?

Const. This, an't your Worship, is a Man in Woman's Apparel.

Just. Hah ! what *Lurcher* ? Pray, what sort of a Masquerade Game have you been playing ? Have you left off dealing amongst the Hawkers and Pedlars, and the Money-droppers ?

Lurch. No, No, I have a few of them in my Eye yet : Your Worship knows the Penalty, and I am ready to pay for this Change of Garment.

Just. I think the Statute says five Pounds, [To Clerk.] look in the Book.

Lurch. There is the Money, Sir. [Puts down Money.] Won't your Worship write me a Receipt ? So, you have done your worst. [To Game-right.] Now, if your Worship pleases, I will swear.

Just. What ?

Lurch. That this Man sold me a Half-Crown Bowl of Punch, Game.

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Game. Oh, thou Villain ! Gentlemen, What did this Fellow say about the Punch in my House ? Speak.

1 Gent. That he never was in your House before ; and that he came on Purpose to put a Trick upon you.

All. And I'll swear the same.

Just. Why, thou Villain ! I'll save thy Soul if I can, but thy Body shall go to Bridewell ; make his Mittimus. [To Clerk.] And, Gentlemen, I am glad you came here, or this honest Man wou'd have been fin'd.

Enter DEW, GRIMACE, CONSTABLE, and others.

Just. Hey ! day ! More of the Gang ? Well, what's your Busineſſ.

Dew. I have been robb'd in my own House, by this Villain whom I succour'd.

Just. How ſo ?

Grim. Please your Worſhip, this is Mr. *Dew* the Distiller, who will retail his Spirituous Liquors in Spite of the Act of Parliament ; and he does this, because I informed against him, and he was fin'd 100 Pounds laſt Week.

Just. I hope, Mr. *Dew*, you don't think that I encourage malicious Prosecutions of this Kind.

Dew. Sir, I was in my own House ; he met me upon the two Pair of Stairs, tripp'd up my Heels, ſtripp'd off my Night-Gown, put it on himſelf, left his own Coat behind him, lock'd me into a two Pair of Stairs Room, and went off. This is his Coat ; and this my Night-gown which he has on.

Just. How came you by this Gown ?

Grim. Your Worſhip knows I won't tell a Lye. I was pursued o'er House-Tops, as an Informer, and

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and got into his House, and he took off this Night-gown from his Back, and gave it to me for a Disguise to go off, that I might not be known.

Just. This is a little improbable, or the Height of good Nature.

Maid. Ser. An't please your Worship, I saw him trip up my Master's Heels, strip him, and lock him into a Room. I was afraid to cry out, for fear of being murder'd; for he used him very barbarously.

Just. What do you say to that? I must send you away to keep Company with the Rest, I'm afraid.

Grim. I can only say, that 'tis all Spight and Malice; and since I'm accused, pray let me send for Bail. I can bring you a Man that is worth ten thousand Pounds by the Evening, but he is abroad now.

Just. Who is he, pray?

Grim. One Mr. *Voucher*; perhaps your Worship may know him,—a worthy Gentleman in the City.

Just. Ay, I believe I can shew him to you. See if the Gentleman is gone. [Calls] Mr. *Voucher*.

Clerk. No, Sir, he's in the next Room. I'll have him brought in. [Goes.]

Enter VOUCHER, CONSTABLE, &c.

Just. Well, Mr. *Voucher*, you are a ten thousand Pound Man, I understand; Will you Bail this Gentleman?

Vouch. Yes, with an Oath. He is one in my Information, Sir.

Just. Say you so? Then pray secure them till by and by.

Clerk. Clear the Room. [Constable, *Voucher*,
Grimace, &c. go.]

Just. Gentlemen, if you please to attend here in the Evening, you shall have a Re-hearing. [They go.] So call the others in.

Enter

Enter several Informers, Gin-sellers, &c.

Just. to 4 Wom. Inf. What have you to say, Madam?

4 Wom. Inf. [Shews a Viol.] Please your Worship, I bought this Gin of this Woman.

Wom. Sir, she is a notorious Lyar; I never sold her a Drop in my Life.

Just. When did you buy it of her?

4 Wom. Inf. Yesterday in the Morning, and in her own Room. She lives at the Sign of the Cat and Gridiron in St. Giles's, where she keeps a Cat-Call. Your Worship knows what I mean.

Just. The Penalty is ten Pounds. If you can pay the Money, do; if not, you must go to the House of Correction with the rest of them.

Wom. Ah, dear Sir! I han't ten Pence in the World.

Just. Then take them away. [*They all go, but the 4 Woman Informer.*] Out of all these, there is not one that can pay the Fine.

4 Wom. Inf. 'Tis a great Disappointment to me; for if I had thought that they would not have paid the Money, the Devil might inform for *Moll*.

Just. *Kate Brazen* has paid the Fine, and here is your Part. [*Gives Money.*] She was discharged Yesterday.

4 Wom. I'm glad of that; for I wanted the Cole. Pray suffer me to lay this down for your Clerk. [*Puts down Money.*] And now I'll go find out *Seu Hackum*: She is like your great Folks, not at home when their Dunnars come. But I shall wait for her. Your Worship's most humble Servant.

[*Goes.*

Enter

Enter TRUEBLUE, HALF PACE,
CONSTABLE, and others.

Just. What is your Busines, Gentlemen ?

True. This Rogue has been cursing the King, and the whole Legislature, for making the Gin-Act.

Half. Ah, dear Sir, 'tis all false ; I am as good a Subject as any in the Kingdom ; and I have sworn for the King a hundred Times. He sold me Gin, and has almost poisoned me besides.

Just. Who heard him besides yourself ?

A Man. I, an't please your Worship ; and here is every Word writ down as it came from his Mouth.

[Gives a Paper.]

Just. [Reads to himself.] Ha ! a mighty good Subject, indeed !

Const. All this Company are Witnesses to it.

All. We are. [Bowing.]

Just. Thou most flagrant Villain ! here are the worst Oaths and Imprecations I ever heard ; 'tis a shame to repeat them ! What was the Occasion of uttering them ?

True. To draw me in to sell him a Dram ; and to convince me that he was not an Informer.

Just. Ay, ay ; this is what they call going upon the Trap-Lay : But I think you have laid a Trap for yourself, and I'll take care to secure you in't. [To Clerk.] Write his *Mittimus* ; 'tis High Treason. This Job, I hope, will put an End to your Rogueries. [To True.] You must be bound to prosecute.

True. Ay, that I will.

[Exit. Trueblue, Halfpace, Constable, &c.]

Just. This has been a busy Day with me ; and I think the Knot of Rogues is pretty well broke ; and I'm very well pleas'd at it ; for 'tis such as these that

H give

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give the Name of Informer so ill a Sound. If new Laws are made, 'tis with an Intent to be useful ; but if such Vermin as these are to force People to a Compliance, to put them into Practice, 'tis dangerous. I have often suspected these Fellows Oaths, and have tried to detect them ; but they were too sharp for me, — yet they are clench'd at last.

Clerk. Sir, A Messenger from the Keeper of Bridewell hath been here, to let you know, that the Prison is so full of Gin-sellers, that he hath not Room for one more ; and he is afraid of an infectious Distemper getting among them.

Just. It must be full indeed, when the Keeper complains. I believe this is the first Time such a Case has happened.

Enter F R I P P E R Y.

Pray what's your Business ?

Frip. The usual Businels, an't please your Worship,—with an Information against Mr. *Calomel*, a Quack Doctor and Apothecary.

Just. Will these People never leave off burning their Fingers ?

Frip. Leave off ? no Sir ; the more they are debar'd, the more they desire it ; and, Sir, if they were to make Gin as dear as *Barbadoes Citron-Water*, all the Ladies of Quality would drink it..

Just, to Clerk. Swear her [She *swears.*] Well, now, pray remember that you are upon your Oath ; so speak nothing but the Truth. Consider what you are about.

Frip. Oh, Sir, I would not take a false Oath for the Universe ! Heaven forbid that I should even tell a Lye in your Presence.

Just. Have you brought a Sample of it ?

Frip.

Frip. No, Sir, he was too Cunning for that : For after he had served me with a Quartern of Gin, and I had drank it, and paid for it, I wanted another Quartern to carry home with me. Ay, said he, what to go and inform ? So he kick'd me out of his House, and beat me in a most barbarous Manner.

Just. to Clerk. Make out a Warrant.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Please your Worship, here is a Gentleman who wants a Warrant.

Just. Let him come in.

Enter CALOMEL.

Frip. Ah ! dear Sir, this is the very Man that has used me in this barbarous Manner, and sold me the Gin. You vile Rogue, to beat a poor innocent Woman as you have done. [Cries.]

Calo. Thou vile Woman ! I ne'er had a Drop of Gin in my House since the Act commenced. I call'd her in to buy some old Clothes.

Frip. You lye, Sirrah ; old Rags you mean.

Just. Woman, be silent. Go on Sir.

Frip. I'll not be silent, Sir, he sold me the Dram ; I have sworn to it ; and you had best make him pay for it, or I'll make your Commission shake.

Just. Woman, be easy, once again, I say.

Trip. I tell you, I won't, without you make him pay this Minute. I'll go and complain to the Commissioners, and have you turn'd out. You are a Confederate.

Just. Woman, I'll commit you.

Frip. You commit me ; you kifs my —

Just. Take her away ; I'll send her to Bridewell. [They haul her out.] Well, Sir, now what have you to say.

Calo.

Calo. I call'd her into my Shop to look on some old Clothes, and she ask'd me to let her have a Bung-your-Eye. Go out of my Doors, said I. And she riot'd me ; raised a Mob at my Door ; and so my Neighbours advised me to come to your Worship for a Warrant.

Just. Ay, but she's got here first, and hath sworn that you did sell her a Quartern of Gin. So you must bring Proof to the contrary ; and come again in the Evening, and I'll hear you.

S C E N E changes.

A Room in a Tavern. Scammony, Gamtright, Trueblue, Provender, and Dew, sitting at a Table.

Scam. In truth, I had a very narrow Escape. If those who deal in run Goods wou'd consider the Danger on't, they would certainly forbear.

Pro. Why, really Sir, I've consider'd on't ; and if ever I burn my Fingers again, the D——l burn me. If these Fellows had gone a little further, there was a fine Opportunity for Plunder in my Castle.

Scam. And so there was in mine, to be plain with you ; but I must be doing. I thought of an old Proverb, *Standing Waters grow corrupt.*—

Pro. Right, and *A still Air breeds Infection.* So we must be doing, as you say, to force a Trade.

Scam. Sir, the Fair Trader has but a poor Chance to grow rich now-a-days. He who han't a Project, or a Puff to sell his Goods, must keep them, or get nothing.

Pro. True, Sir. Publick Spirit hath took its Departure from this Island a many Years, and Great

Great Men do as they please. But it does not become one in my Station to find Fault, for my Customers arn't all of a Sort.

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Game. I own that the Narrowness of my Fortune hath set me upon Shifts and Contrivances to live ; and we may complain to no Purpose : For if they are not roused by the injured Merchants Complaints, they'll not be stirrd by the injured Publicans Noise.

Pro. Ha! ha! ha! Publicans ! Why had not you said sturdy Beggars and discontented Rabble?

Dew. Why Gentlemen, I think we are all upon a Horse, as the Story is ; come all of one Errant. Therefore our Complaints are much alike. I was fined last Week a hundred Pounds for giving Charity ; but what signifies complaining ? Here comes a Fellow to my Shop, with his Eyes lifted towards Heaven, and his Heart bent to Hell, to implore my Aid : But Gentlemen, long Stories are fullsome, we are all relieved at present ; and so let's have the old English Toast. To all true Hearts and sound Bottoms. [Drinks. They all pledge it.]

True. I am an old Fellow, to pray let me toast.

All. Do so Mr. Trueblew.

True. Then here's a Health to all honest Magistrates ; for I think we are better provided than we have been for a many Years past. [They all drink.] For 'tis my Opinion, one bad Justice makes Business for a hundred Rogues.

Dew. True ; it is not every Justice that would have served these Rogues as he has, though it is but what they deserve.

True.

True. If our Betters did as they ought to do, we should follow their Examples, and mend likewise.

Dew. Sir, but do you know that Fashions are made at Court? and the lower Sort will follow them.

True. Ay, very true.—But I have heard a Saying, that Fashions are made in *France*, and only imported hither.

Pro. Ay, Pox take their Fashions. Go but to a Grocers for Plumbs, you shall have a young Fellow that han't served half his Apprenticeship, dipping his Hands into a Tub, with a Pair of dangling Ruffles on, because 'tis a *French* Fashion. The World is coming towards a Level, I believe. Where is the Difference between a Tradesman and a Man of Quality? The Man of Quality keeps his Footmen in Livery, so does the Tradesman; the Ladies of Quality goes to Balls, Opera's, and Masquerades, so do the Tradesmen's Wives; the Men of Quality keeps Whores, so do the Tradesmen: In short, they follow every Fashion of theirs; and this is all the *French* Luxury.

Dew. No, no, hold there, they han't got their *French* Cooks.

True. Ah! Heaven forbid they should! A Pack of mohocking Rogues, that would turn a Surloin of Beef into a Hasty-Pudding. I always bore a Grudge to the *French* Cooks, and *French* Insolence, and to the *Spanish* Gravity; for fine Words pay no Debts; and if they would but declare a War, I would enter myself, once again, a Voluntier.

Scam. You are too old for a Soldier now.

True. Oh, not at all Sir; an *Englishman* never loses Courage while he has an Enemy left, and the *Spaniard* han't shewn himself a Friend to us.

Dew. Well said, old *Trueblue*,

True,

True. That is my Name, Sir ; and the old Corporal knew it well in *Flanders* : But Merit is not always rewarded, and those Times are forgot. But if your old Ones don't help you — Woe betide Old *England* !

Dew. Then you have been in the Army ?

True. Ay, I have Sir. Do you think I would sit idle when my Country was in Danger ? No Sir, *Trueblue* has *English* Blood in his Veins yet : Ah ! had you seen us march with our Trophies, those very Rags which hang in *Guild* and *Westminster-Hall*, through this Town, at our Return from the Wars ; there were Countenances for you ! Weather-beaten Lads, and hardy as Oaks ; when an Officer's Frown would have made an Enemy fall before him. Oh ! how the Fire of Youth sparkles in my Veins !

Scam. Those Officers were not dressed up with powdered Toupees, and white Stockings, and with their fine Shantee *French* Snuff-Boxes to take a Pinch *Alamode de France*.

True. No Sir ; but the great General who loved Snuff, took it out of his Pocket. Rest his Soul. Come, here's to his Memory. [Drinks.]

Dew. Mr. *Trueblue* your Health. [Drinks.] I hate this *French* Mimickry I own.

True. And I'm of the same Opinion ; I despise a French Dress, tho' 'twere Lace and Brocades.

Pro. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Lace and Brocades !

True. Sir ; was an *English* Nobleman to travel to *Russia*, and come home clothed in Furs in the Winter, they would be graeful, and keep him warm ; but when our Quality return from *France* and *Italy*, their Garb shews what they have been doing ? Learning to dress like Monkeys, cringe and bow like Dancing-Masters, and to hum o'er an *Italian* Song. Oh *England* ! I pity thee ! But they must be bad *Œconomists*, when such a poor Fellow as I pretends to find Fault. Scam,

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Scam. 'Tis all too sure, Mr. *Trueblue*: Come here's to our next merry Meeting. [Drinks.] And if 'tis suitable to this good Company, we'll form ourselves into a Society, and be called, *The True-blues of Old England*, and meet at your House.

All. Agreed, agreed.

True. Gentlemen, you do me too much Honour.

Scam. No Sir, we have not gone far enough yet: You, with Submission to the rest, shall be our Grand-Master.

All. Agreed, it shall be so.

Dew. And we'll supplant the *Free-Masons*, deal all above Board, and have no Secrets among us, and be fear'd throughout the World.

All. Huzza! *Trueblues* for ever! [All drink.

True. Well Gentlemen, if you'll favour me with your Company to my House, I'll shew myself an obedient Subject, and treat you with two Gallons of Punch according to Act of Parliament; for I am sure they meant well, and it is for the Good of our Posterity.

Dew. I can't say, but that ought to have some Influence, but then you'll consider Self-Preservation.—

True. Excuse me! Posterity I'm for, altho' I have no Heirs living: But yet there are Gentlemen, who had rather cut down an Oak to make themselves a walking Stick, than leave it to grow, tho' it were to help build a Palace for the Grand-Children. But, Mr. *Dew*, the Distillers have a most extensive Provision made for them; and if they'll not accept of it, but sell on still, they ought to pay the Fine.

Dew. Ay; but 'tis hard.—

True. Not at all, Sir; the Act was exceeding well calculated. For if the Dram-Drinking had been

been suffered to go on but a few Years longer, woe betide *Old England*.

Pro. Truly, I am of your Opinion, Mr. *Trueblue*; and altho' I have paid the Fine, yet, I declare, I never sold a Dram but to those whose Necessity required it, as I thought: But Rogues will appear in all Shapes; and this shall be a Warning to me. Pray, Sir, let me know your Objection, to Dram-Drinking.

True. If it had continued, you'd not a found a Soldier throughout the Kingdom, twenty Years hence, but would be fitter to rob a Henroost, than to look an Enemy in the Face; your very Breed of middling People would be burn'd up in the Womb. When I was turn'd of thirty, I had never tasted a spirituous Dram, and yet I was as hearty as a sturdy Oak. And, Sir, if I knew one that transgres'd, I would inform against him myself.

Dew. Mr. *Trueblue*, thou hast spoke like an Oracle; and from this Time I'll put it out of the Power of any one to harm me that Way. And since Provision is made for me, I'll go into another Business, for the Good of Posterity, as you say. And he that would not part with a profitable Trade on such Account, is not fit to live.

Game. I have never sold a Dram, as I know of, tho', I confess, I keep a little to serve a Friend in Necessity. And if Rogues will swear, how can we help that: But I'll be warn'd too for the Good of Posterity; and never keep another Dram, nor encourage those who do.

True. Well said, honest Hearts; and if others of your Business will not do so, let us all turn Informers against them, and take no Reward at all.

All. Agreed. Agreed.

Scam. When Posterity is to suffer, where's the Man who would not agree to it? For, Sir, your Trading is come to such a Pitch, that a Man will be

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be dealing to undersell the other Traders in his Way; tho' he lose by it.

True. Ay, Sir, they don't value breaking themselves, so they can see twenty ruined by their Projects.

Scam. Schemes and Projects are the Ruin of Trade, and he who deals in Run-Goods, is not fit to be called a Commonwealth's Man, without we could all do so. I confess I was drawn into it by a Villain; but I am warn'd, tho' 'tis my first Attempt of the Kind.

Pro. I cannot say that, for I have dealt in this Way a long Time; but I assure you, Gentlemen, I will take my Leave on't. So here is a Health to the Fair-Trader. [Drinks.] I'll sell off my Stock, and ne'er recruit; for 'tis never too late to be honest.

Scam. We still agree, I find, and let us admit no one into our Society, who will not swear as we do, to be good Commonwealths-Men', and never deal in Run-Goods.

True. And then I am sure you will lessen your Taxes, and the Woollen Manufactury will be preserved to us.

*If some are hurt when General Good's in View,
How can we help it, if the Law be new?
When past the Assent, before the World it lies,
By Experience taught, we gradually grow wise;
From Good to Better let us hope to rise.*

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